

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies Who Play Chess with Profound Skill—Cooking Classes in Churches. Some Talk of Fashions—The Mysteries of Fair Hands.

BRITISH LADIES' CHESS CLUB

Conference of the Women Chess Players of Both Continents in New York May 1.

An Effort to Be Made at the Conference to Introduce Chess Playing into the Public Schools as a Mental Discipline.

There is a certain little coterie of women in London who meet every Monday night for an intellectual entertainment, unique of its kind in the world, consisting of chess and music, the most philosophical game of chess and the most classic selections from the greatest composers.

The actual dinner preceding this feast of reason and flow of soul is a fruit banquet, at which no flesh, fish or fowl is ever served. The table is a beautiful sight set entirely with different varieties of fruit, great bowls and tall vases of flowers and at either end silver basins of mixed nuts.

The ladies who partake of this illustrious meal are the members of the British Ladies' Chess Club, who meet once a week for intellectual recreation at the home of the vice-president and acting president of the society, Miss Mathilde Wolff Van Sandau.

Miss Van Sandau, the founder of the British Ladies' Chess Club in 1894, and of the Ladies' Chess Club of London in 1895, is of a noble Dutch family. Chess and Beethoven are her hobbies, and she is a crack player in both instances. She is also president of the London Women's Fruit Association, of which most of the women chess players in England are members. Indeed chess, music and fruit are the almost unvarying topics under discussion at the different meetings of the chess clubs.

Since the founding of the American Women's Chess Club in 1894 by Miss Campbell Foot and the establishment of an American connection of the British Ladies' Chess Club, some fourteen months ago, there has been a growing desire on both sides of the Atlantic for an international conference of women chess players. Some of the women members in both clubs have been working vigorously for a year past to bring about this result. Prominent among the number is Mrs. Florence Grey, a charter member of the British Ladies' Chess Club and their representative at present in this country. Mrs. Grey is an American by birth, though much of her life has been spent in London and Paris.

Largely through the instrumentality of Mrs. Grey and Miss Campbell Foot, of New York, the chess clubs have been able to

are aware that they can accomplish practically little in this direction except with the co-operation of men of culture and influence. Their mission will, indeed, scarcely extend beyond the presentation of the subject in logical form to such men until eventually the attention of the general public is caught and held. Mr. Charles R. Dana and Mr. Whitelaw Reid have already signified their intention of being present at the conference.

These chess enthusiasts do not regard chess in the frivolous light of a pastime or dissipation, but as a philosophical method of attaining to the highest degree of mental culture. Their reason for wishing to introduce it into the schools is that as a means of training the childish brain to logical thinking and mathematical accuracy it is unsurpassed. For women it develops the faculties essential as a counterpoise for their more universally cultivated emotional tendencies—a much needed development, it is said, for the women who expect to aid in settling the future great problems of the human race.

Mrs. Grey, who is actually devoting her life to the propagation of the chess educational theory, is a metaphysician and writer of considerable note in Europe. She was for some time associated in Paris with Mme. Adam in editing a metaphysical magazine, the Light of Paris. She is also a regular contributor to the English reviews. In a recent interview Mrs. Grey said: "I believe, as the old Persians did, that chess is the shortest cut to most of the virtues. It teaches patience yet alertness, how to bear defeat bravely, yet is a means of cultivation of all those qualities that count for victory in the game of life."

When asked how she found time for the great variety of duties connected with her present position in the United States, Mrs. Grey replied: "That is also due to chess. It has so trained my mind that work is only a pleasant experience. The epitaph which I have selected for myself consists of only three words—She was industrious."

The likeness given of Mrs. Grey is the photograph from which Lord Dufferin painted the portrait of her which now hangs in the picture gallery of Glendevon, the ancestral home of the Dufferins in Belfast.

Mrs. Grey is making a special study of chess as played by American women. "I have discovered, to my astonishment," she said in regard to this subject, "that there are no women chess players in Boston or Chicago, the most cultured and the most progressive of cities."

"The following cities boast of the greatest number of expert players: New York, Brooklyn, Washington and Baltimore.

they are expecting any one!" said I. I struck it the first time, for they got the answer very promptly. "A boy of that name expected. No time specified! The depot master took him out and gave him a good supper, didn't touch his little sum of money to pay for it, either. He behaved like a little gentleman at table, and everywhere, wasn't the least bit afraid of any of us. A policeman was detailed to take him to the home."

"All sorts of strange things happen. I always keep simple remedies on hand in case of accident, and something for those ladies who are faint."

As she talked she verified her words, for every traveler that appeared was supplied with some want almost before it was expressed. She herself is a widow. Her husband served the company faithfully for twenty years at a signal station, and she is well known by all the employees. They have instructions to obey her call if she has need of help, but so self-dependent is the little woman she seldom has need of force beyond that of her own will.

WALLS OF SUMMER HOUSES.

During recent years the fashion of using narrow boards, stained and grooved, in preference to plaster for the walls and ceilings of summer cottages has become very general. For one thing, it is cheaper, and, for another, it puts a limit on the damage that can be done by a leaking roof during the winter months, when the house is closed.

New ways of decorating rooms finished in this manner are constantly suggesting themselves to the fertile mind. Mating looked neatly on the walls from floor to ceiling gives a clean, cool look to a room. The



FLORENCE GREY.

OMBRELLES DE FERMIERE.

"The Parasol of the Farmer's Wife" Is the Very Latest Thing from Paris Fashion Makers.

Of Surpassing Simplicity, It Is Still a Sunshine Fit for Queens to Carry. Realistic Details of the Country Peeked on Dainty Lace.

"Have you seen the parasol of the farmer's wife?" may now be added to the book of useful French phrases. A parasol fresh from Paris bears the unique and misleading title of "ombrelle de fermiere." For, though of a surpassing simplicity and telling a pretty tale of barnyards, it is like the appearance of a queen. One can only fancy an ideal farm, as was the Little Tricolor, for the sporting of such a sunshade. And a fermiere any less lovely than Marie Antoinette cannot be pictured as owning it. Here is the ombrelle de fermiere as it appears to eyes not too dazzled for analysis:



MRS. GARRETT.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Don't drink green tea. Use it instead to restore rusty black lace to its original freshness. The result will be admirable for both lace and nerves.

Blue denim is losing its early severity of character. Its development into a frivolous fabric has been gradually brought about by embroidery and braiding until now it is lace trimmed. The lace is not yet applied in frills, but wide insertions of the coarse lace, such as were used for ties in past years, are sewed inside the hem. Sometimes they are set into cut-out squares, and sometimes they form a long, continuous border.

Pussy ribbons and common, greenish glass preserve jars formed the decoration of the library of a woman whose wealth does not equal her desire for effective adornment. The bookshelves had been broken from the trees quite a distance down toward the central branch and were there, for spreading and graceful. They gleamed through the coarse, pale tinted glass and burgundy forth into such a mass of velvety gray above that they were highly artistic bits of ornament.

The persistent maker of household articles from odds and ends loves to fashion cigar boxes into cabinets. The undertaking is not quite so hopeless as it seems. The boxes must be soaked in very hot water to destroy the Havana odors that cling to them. They should then be dried slowly in a warm room and rubbed with sandpaper until they are smooth. After that, cutting them into compartments of the requisite size, gluing them and painting them with enamel paint, completes the work.

Every man or woman who has ever beaten a salad dressing which uncomplaining friends have accepted, considers that his recipe is the best. Nevertheless, most French dressings are not good. To make an excellent one mix a tablespoon of salt with half as much Chili pepper; add a little mixed mustard the size of a pea. Dissolve these ingredients in a tablespoon of vinegar and when they are thoroughly mixed add, little by little, three tablespoons of oil, beating constantly.

The unfortunate dyspeptics who have to indulge in hot water before breakfast will find the dose more palatable if the water is distilled. This may be done at home. Take a teakettle with a closely fitting cover and a lead pipe fastened to the spout. The pipe should lead through a pall of cold water. The steam from the kettle passes through the pipe, is condensed under the cold water and runs out pure into the receiver.

When midsummer heat descends upon the community in April, even the sisterhood that seems all but common sense suffers. Heavy boots are out of the question, and thin-soled ones do not seem to afford sufficient protection to the inflamed feet. Nothing but constant care will save one from the tender mercies of the chiropodist. The feet should be bathed at night in water as hot as can be borne. This will reduce the swelling and allay the inflammation. Then they should be immediately plunged into cold water to harden the skin. If they are still sore they should be rubbed with witch hazel. In the morning, of course, they should receive another cold-water bath. These cure for, and preventatives of, swollen feet are particularly valuable for the woman who has to stand much during the day.

A smart Fifth Avenue milliner is sponsor for this delightful sunshade, which she declares is the only one of the sort in New York. Sixty-five dollars is the price asked for it, and, considering its charms, this is quite a reasonable sum.

It is suitable for other dressy uses, but

one of the wide-open roses. A wooden stick enamelled a pale green, and ending with a china handle surmounted by a cock's head, finishes the ravishing toy.

No-wait a moment. There is one thing more. The cock's head is in natural colors, and in the top of his flaming comb there is a little round hole. This under manipulation emits a shrill whistle, which will, of course, be of great use to the farmer's wife when she goes to feed her poultry. Void l'ombrelle de fermiere!

Simplicity, how many sins of loveliness may be committed in its name!

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has been especially imported for the mid-summer races.

A NOVEL EXPERIENCE.

"New Yorkers are accustomed to being pushed and nudged by the street cars," said a woman the other day, "but it was a genuine surprise to encounter what I did one day last week. I boarded a Bleecker street car at Twenty-third street to ride downtown. At the same corner was a woman, bent with age, but dressed in a way to indicate extremely limited means. Judge of my surprise when the conductor not only waited for her to reach the platform in safety, but assisted her to a seat. Then, as if that were not shock enough for one day, a block occurred further down, when that conductor neither swore at the truckman nor rang the bell with fury. He quietly stepped down into the street, helped to remove the offending vehicle, spoke a cheery word to the driver and jumped back on his car with a smiling apology to his passengers for the delay. I was too stunned to do anything, but I have regretted ever since that I did not take the number of the car, that I might make sure to repeat so novel a ride."

KITCHENS IN CITY CHURCHES

Modern Annexes to the Places Where the Gospel Is Preached on Sunday.

Cooking Classes a Part of the Latter-Day Religious Teaching in New York—A Glimpse at These Strange Features of Church Life.

When the wife of a prominent New York clergyman was asked if her husband's church had a kitchen connected with it, she replied: "Oh, no; we are not a bread and butter church." The churches of the city are about evenly divided between bread and butter and total abstinence.

St. George's, of which Dr. Rainsford is rector, has a kitchen and class room combined. There is never a day and scarcely an hour when class work is not in progress in the parish house. The kitchen is furnished with settees and hymn books, as well as a gas stove, and cooking utensils. Cooking classes are held Tuesday and Friday evenings, with thirty girls in each class. When the Girls' Friendly Society gives a reception to the church members, the settees are removed, and the young hostesses given full swing in the kitchen, where they prepare light refreshments. The Central Presbyterian Church, on Fifty-seventh street, has a kitchen in the basement. No cooking class is held here, but the kitchen is used when the young people have sociables. Once a year the whole church meets socially and then all the resources of the kitchen are taxed.

In the basement of Dr. McArthur's church is a large room, till lately used for the "kindergarten" Sunday school class (the infant class), but now given over solely to culinary purposes. A beautiful set of Delft dishes has been presented to the ladies of the church. When lunch is served at the ladies' meetings, Japanese screens shut off the range and sink, and small tables convert the kitchen into a pleasant dining room.

When a young Jewess, standing on the steps of the Temple Emanuel, on Fifth avenue, was asked: "Is there a kitchen in the Temple?" she exclaimed: "A kitchen! What for?" She had never heard of material refreshments in connection with a place of worship, and asked if the kitchens were used in the service of the poor. Eating in a synagogue would be profanation.

The church on the Boulevard of which Rev. Madison C. Peters is pastor has an adjoining parsonage. A dear little brown-eyed fellow opened the door, and upon being asked if there was a kitchen connected with the church, replied: "Oh, yes, we've got a kitchen downstairs. We've got four teeny baby kitchens down there, too!"

The church kitchen, however, contained no alluring "baby kitchens." It held a disabled bicycle and a grindstone, and appeared in the double character of kitchen and workshop. It was furnished with a gas stove and plenty of dishes.

When a lively young member of Dr. Parkhurst's church was asked if any sort of kitchen existed in the church building, she looked as agitated as the Jewish damsel. "Kitchen!" she exclaimed. "Good gracious, no! You might as well expect a kitchen in the mortuary chapel of a cemetery!"

The sexton of the West End Presbyterian Church, on Amsterdam avenue at One Hundred and Fifth street, says the man who takes care of that church has got to "hop" to keep things in order. It is one of the most active churches in New York. Its tea flourishing societies all use the kitchen, and the big coffee urn and 500 cups and saucers are brought into frequent requisition.

All Souls' Unitarian Church, whose pastor, Mr. Williams, severs his connection next month, has a kitchen, and the sexton declares, "as good a set of dishes as any church in New York."

The Brick Church and Dr. Van Dyke are not in favor of "bread and butter," neither are Dr. Hall and his flock.

The Church of the Messiah, whose pastor, Rev. Robert Collyer, is soon to have Boston shining light, Minor J. Savage, as his colleague, uses the kitchen of its sexton, who lives in the rear of the church and under the same roof, thus securing the advantage of a home kitchen and the services of its mistress.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church, the only church in New York which employs a woman sexton, restricts its refreshment to spiritual food.

The Church of All Souls (Rev. Heber Newton) has a well equipped kitchen in the parish house, under charge of a matron. Here a children's cooking class is held, and the tots, arrayed in caps and aprons, prepare weekly a simple dinner, and eat it.

The A. M. E. Bethel, a representative colored church of the city, has not only a kitchen, but a large dining room.

One would never suspect these church kitchens of feminine superintendence. Most of them are in the cellar and have cemented floors and a general air of gloom. Perhaps the fundamental tenet of the Church that man does not live by bread alone has a depressing effect upon church kitchens, when it countenances them at all.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S MEMORY.

A trait that has added greatly to Mrs. Cleveland's popularity is her wonderful memory for faces and names. A woman visiting Washington during the past winter was most anxious to see Mrs. Cleveland. Upon inquiry she found that the only way in which this could be accomplished was to attend the public reception. This she accordingly did; but when she found herself in the procession composed of the queer medley of people who usually attend these functions, she was greatly embarrassed. Beside her in the line was an old woman fresh from her stand in the market, who had left a basket of produce outside in front of a cowboy from the prairies in slouch hat and top boots; near by she saw an old woman dower seller with her basket of half-faded carnations in her hand.

When at length she reached Mrs. Cleveland, she said a few words of her distress at being one of such a company. Mrs. Cleveland was all graciousness. "If you will tell me your name and address," she said, with one of her bewitching smiles, "I will send you a card to my private reception. You will find that pleasant, I think."

The visitor told her where she was staying, and was much pleased at her pleasant reception; but it did not occur to her as possible that the President's wife would remember the card. What then was her astonishment to receive the invitation the next morning! When she attended the private reception her cup of bliss was quite full when Mrs. Cleveland recognized her and called her by name.



HAND OF E. G.

This hand shows a mind as removed from singularity as from vulgarity. It indicates love of pleasure, tempered with reflection, self-government, strength of resistance, an artistic eye. The owner is endowed with the faculty of mental combination, affectionate frankness and the feelings of positive life in a higher degree. She has more judgment than imagination, and possesses confidence in herself.



HAND OF M. S.

This hand shows a charming combination of indolence. It indicates calmness in danger, beauty which causes love, harmony in music, vague desires, serenity of soul, idealistic philosophy, the conception and grouping of details. The owner desires to live in luxury, magnificence and amid art.

HANDWRITING.

MARY L.—Tendency to extravagance; lack of method; love of romance; dramatic ability; inclination to fickleness.

VICTORIA R. ST. CLAIR—Business capacity; mathematics; order; logic; honesty of purpose; loyalty.

G. R. BROOKE—Gentleness; notness; refinement; capacity for one deep, all-absorbing affection; excellent clerical ability.

ESTELLE HARDING—Inclination to exaggerate; love of romantic situations; desire for approbation; loyalty.

RUTH H.—Literary ability; analysis; logic; love of music; constancy.

VIOLA H.—Good business capacity; chastity; sympathy; uprightness; steadfastness; SUBIE—Love of dress and show; boldness; personal neatness; good oratorical ability; constancy.

R. WEST—Talent for a professional career, medicine or law; analysis; steadfastness in love affairs.

JACOB M.—Order; artistic taste; comeliness; neatness; love of home; steadfastness.

ALICE C.—Honesty of purpose; lack of stability; apt to leave work unfinished; loyalty in friendship and love.

HILLEN—Sincerity; domestic tastes; slight lack of order; constancy.

NORAH O.—Literary ability; dignity; uprightness; loyalty in the affections.

MARGUERITE—Love of romance; musical slight lack of order; inclination to flirt.

C. WOODHULL—Inclination to extravagance; fondness for dress; love of the beautiful; dissatisfaction with present surroundings; lack of stability in affairs of the heart.

ALMA F.—Good business capacity; fair amount of order; ambition; mathematics; loyalty.

ALFRED HARTMAN—Literary or legal ability; lack of order; oratory; logic; a good friend and bitter enemy.

HALE—Dignity; simplicity; love of books; literary talent; loyalty in affairs of the heart.

J. R. C.—Tendency to extravagance! I think it is hard for this person to save money; generosity; love of big schemes; business ability; inclination to be flirtatious.

VIOLET—Lack of application; you should cultivate perseverance; love of home; inclination to depend much on friends; constancy in affairs of the heart.

SCRIBBLER—Lack of order; inconsistency; love of music; apt to be deceived; frequently wrong in your first impressions. THE CHIROGRAPHIST.

COOL DAYS MAY COME.



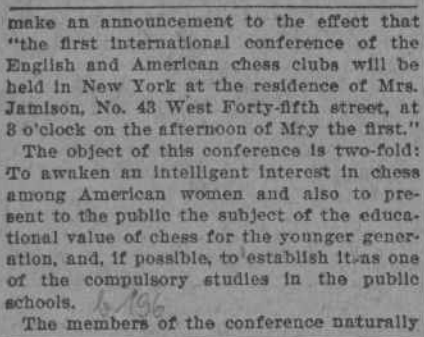
A Pretty Summer Gaze.



MRS. VIVIEN.



MRS. RASDA BOWLES.



MISS VAN SANDAU.

make an announcement to the effect that "the first international conference of the English and American chess clubs will be held in New York at the residence of Mrs. Jamison, No. 43 West Forty-third street, at 8 o'clock on the afternoon of May the first."

The object of this conference is two-fold: To awaken an intelligent interest in chess among American women and also to present to the public the subject of the educational value of chess for the younger generation, and, if possible, to establish it as one of the compulsory studies in the public schools.

The members of the conference naturally

FOR TWELVE YEARS OLD.



An Admirable Apron.

THESE WOMEN PLAY CHESS.

They will be among a large number of lady players to meet in New York, May 1.

Probably three of the best players in America are Miss Campbell Foot, of New York; Mrs. Worrall, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Nellie Marshall Shovalton, of Georgetown, Ky.

In England the crack woman chess players are Miss Mathilde Wolff Van Sandau, Mrs. Vivian, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Rhoda Bowles, and Mrs. Florence Grey.

The members of the various women's chess clubs are already planning for a chess tournament to be held in Paris in the year 1900.

DEFENDING THE UNWARY

How One of the Big Railroads Looks After Its Helpless Passengers.

The Grand Central management does a graceful and useful service in employing a woman to look after belated women, young girls and children, and keep them from pitfalls. Her experiences are curious and interesting. Questioned as to these she said: "There is no better school for learning to read character and to classify people on the instant than a large railway station. We used to be troubled with bunco-stealers coming in here, but I know them pretty well now. Their favorite method is to go up to some woman who is looking carefully about, and after pretending to know her, to give advice about some hotel or car. I go straight up and say to the lady, 'Do you know this man?' If she says 'No,' he leaves at once and I put some one on his track."

"This room is for ladies. I never allow any man to remain inside unless he can show good cause. He just has to go."

"To be sure, belated and bewildered women come in here to ask for protection and advice. That is what I'm here for. I have a room in my house, nearby, always ready to receive any inexperienced girl who may arrive late or is disappointed in meeting a friend. If she has an address and prefers to go there, I accompany her and see that she is received. But the room is ready if needed."

"In my long experience I have seen strange things enough to make a book. A short time ago, toward evening, one of the depot masters came to me, leading by the hand a bright-faced, well-dressed little boy who seemed about ten. 'Look at this label on his shoulder and then advise me what to do with him,' said he. The label read, 'N. Bartholomew, deaf and dumb.' We gave him pencil and paper, but he would not or could not write one word."

He had been put on the train, the conductor had not seen by whom, at a small way station. He had a ticket and a little change, nothing else.

"Send over to the police station and have them telephone at once to the nearest institution for deaf mutes to find out if

soft gray-green denim, of which one sees so much nowadays, has a delightfully summery look and makes a charming background for etchings and photographs in simple frames. Common burials have been used with good effect for a wall covering in its natural color, and in other cases has been given a coat or two of paint of some shade preferred. Old rose and sage green are among the colors that it will take well.

The Delft craze has led to the use of common blue and white bed ticking and checked gingham for walls. Either of these materials is effective in a simple dining room, with blue plates and a few pictures hung upon it.

MINIATURES ON DINNER CARDS.

The miniature craze has gone so far that to-day even the dinner card has a miniature head for ornamentation.

There are several different styles. Some cards are about four inches square and have in the upper left-hand corner a miniature head in colors to match the decorations. The name is written across the card in gold.

When the decorations of the dinner table are in delicate colors cards are made of ribbon harmonizing in tint about eight inches in length and two and one-half inches in width, with miniature heads occupying the upper portion and the name written vertically below.

Another design is in the form of a folder card, ornamented on the outside with the miniature head and name and on the inside a verse adapted to the personality of the guest.

A pretty idea was carried out recently at a reunion dinner given by a Scotch family. In place of the cards there were tiny booklets decorated on the cover with purple Scotch thistle and the family coat of arms, the inside cover being used for the name of the guest. The autograph of each of the party was written in each of the tiny booklets and taken away as a souvenir.

BOTTLED FAITH.

At a meeting of faith curists held recently in this city, one of the leading spirits in her discourse referred to a certain patent medicine which has been used for some years to alleviate childish ailments. The inventor, she said, was a woman who lived in such a rarified moral atmosphere and possessed in consequence such wonderful healing powers that she was able to impart the necessary curative qualities to a medicine which in itself would have been worthless. She added that during the lifetime of the inventor marvelous cures had been accomplished by the use of the remedy, but that since her death, though manufactured according to the same formula, it had failed to bring about desirable results.

A plain cover of heavy ivory-white satin ends in a deep, straight border of tufted silk muslin and lace, suggesting a fine lady's under petticoat. There is no lining, the ribs being wrapped closely with apple-green silk to take its place. The general shape of the affair is that of a huge mushroom, and down one gore hangs a long bunch of the sweetest country posies ever seen. They are cabbage roses, the dear, old-fashioned cabbage roses, one's grandmamma used to grow sometimes in the vegetable beds. Nearest the top there are some great red buds, with thick, green leaves, and long, thorny stems. From this drops a big white bud more open, two vast, full-blown roses, one pink, with more stems, leaves and thorns bringing up the bunch.

A realistic detail consists of two fragile, green butterflies resting lightly underneath.

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